Hotline Miami: Connection Lost

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Summary: Jacket wakes up in a wasteland, although not the one you'd
expect. Everyone's favorite chicken masked killer is back, and
searching the wastes for answers. Meeting new and old friends and
enemies, Jacket may finally find out what happened back to his world
while learning about this one. And what exactly is the entity we call
Richard?

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Jacket woke up with a start. The last thing he remembered was a white
flash. Then, nothing. The man looked at his surroundings. He wasn't
in his cell, he was in some area with dead grass and trees
everywhere. Not palm trees either.

"This isn't Miami" He said to himself. Jacket turned around and was
met by more dead flora, with a city in the distance. He looked up and
saw he was under a decaying bridge. A retro styled car was rusting
next to him and as he looked he realized all the cars on the bridge
were styled like it was the 50's and 60's. Where the hell was he?
Jacket reached to scratch his head and realized he was wearing his
letterman jacket again, along with combat boots and jeans. How did he
get back in his old clothes?

"The fuck is going on here?" Jacket muttered. He decided the best
course of action was to keep walking towards the city. So he did just
that. A few minutes in he heard something skittering behind him.
Jacket turned and saw a giant scorpion following him.

"Holy fucking shit!" Jacket nearly fell as he broke into a sprint.
However, the scorpion soon appeared in front of him, popping out of
the ground. Jacket kicked at it in a last ditch effort to get away,
and luckily managed to avoid the scorpion' pincers and stinger. The
giant bug reeled and Jacket broke off running. He arrived to a bridge
over a river, and was relieved when he looked back to see the
scorpion had decided he wasn't worth the trouble.

"I'll say it again, what the fuck is going on here?" Jacket said again to no one in particular. He turned forward again and was met with the crumbling buildings of a decaying city. Jacket was utterly speechless. He honestly had no idea what do at that point. It's like humanity went in in a flash.

"A flash." It hit him like a truck. What he saw was a nuke going off. "Damn Russians." Jacket spat. But it still didn't explain why he was back in his usual outfit. From the current state of decay, a long time had passed. But Jacket didn't feel any older, and as he felt his face, he realized he wasn't older. It's as if time passed without him. How long has it been then? Jacket wasn't sure. His foot hit something, and he realized that while lost in thought, he came across a body. A fresh one too, wearing some kind of makeshift armor. He saw a pistol that he didn't recognize and took it. He checked the weapon for a model ID, but all he saw was it took 10mm rounds. Jacket searched the body and found at least forty rounds and a few extra clips.

For some reason, he felt he was going to need more than a pistol.

"Hey fuckface, did you kill my guy?!" A man yelled at Jacket, holding a rifle, again a kind that Jacket didn't recognize. Jacket responded by shooting the man in the head. He walked over to the fresh corpse and took whatever he needed.

"Why are there all these bottlecaps on these guys?" Jacket muttered to himself." For whatever reason he felt he should take them, so he did and walked further into the ruined city.

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><p>He soon came across makeshift signs directing him to a place called "Diamond City" Following them, he was soon met with the sight of people in armor made from baseball equipment shooting at giant green people. Jacket quickly took a side and picked up a fallen black rifle with a drum magazine and opened fire on the big green men. He quickly found out it was a fully automatic assault rifle of some kind as the thing continuously spat lead at the greenies. It clicked empty after a moment, so he let the rifle hang on it's sling as he took out his new pistol, shooting them all. The last two went into cover, so Jacket took a yardstick off a counter of the abandoned store he took cover in, and charged towards the building his enemies were at. He ran up the stairs and smacked one greenie against the head with it. He fell over and broke his neck when he hit the ground. Jacket watched this with grim satisfaction. He chucked the now broken yardstick at the remaining Greenie and it struck him, the wood sticking out of the Greenie's chest, right through the heart. He slumped over dead. Jacket searched him, took more clips for his new rifle, and went back to the regulars people below.<p>

"Not afraid of Super Mutants, huh?" One of them asked Jacket.

"Super Mutants?" Jacket asked. "Wait, those are mutated people?"

"Were, thanks to you. Nice throwing arm." The man said. "I'm guessing you heading to Diamond City? Gate's open."

Jacket thanked him and followed the signs in. As he did, he noticed automated turrets of some sorts in key location around the place. Walking in the entrance, Jacket realized he was walking into a old baseball stadium.

Walking up the stadium stairs, he was met with the most makeshift city he had ever seen. Not that it could really be called a city, village would've been more accurate, a town at the most. But Jacket supposed this was the closest one could get to being a city in a radioactive wasteland.

A metal person brushed past Jacket and looked at the now gaping blonde.**Not gaping like that you dirty-**

"Hello sir, we are here to make the Institute's presence known" It said before walking away.

Jacket just stared after it with his mouth still hanging open.

"Did a robot just walk past me?" He said to no one in particular. Not getting an answer as he was either ignored or didn't hear him. Whatever the case, he stepped forward and began to look around.

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><p>Apparently bottlecaps were currency. Which was a good thing, because the raider he had killed earlier had nearly 2000 on him. He got extremely lucky, Jacket decided. He had a feeling that find was a one time thing. Buying a Aluminium Baseball bat, some combat armor to wear under his jacket,<strong>I know you can't do that in game but seriously you should be able so I'm letting Jacket do it<strong>, and more ammunition, along with what the vendor, Arturo, said was a Laser Rifle, Jacket almost left Arturo's when something caught his eye.

"No fucking way." He said.

It was Richard, the chicken mask he had almost always used during his killing sprees against the Russian Mafia.

Jacket turned toward Arturo. "How much for the chicken mask?"

Arturo looked at it. "That old thing. That was something some guy from the Miami Wasteland gave me. You can have it for free. I certainly don't need it." Jacket thanked him and picked Richard up and stared at the feathered mask. The soulless blue eyes stared back at him. Taking a deep breath, Jacket slid Richard over his head.

A familiar voice abruptly spoke to him.

"Hello Jacket." It cooed, calling him by his nickname. Jacket was dumbfounded. There was no way he was still around. It was impossible.

"See what happens when you hurt other people without looking deeper?" The voice asked him.

"You can't be- You're a figment of my imagination." Jacket thought, not wanting to make a scene as he walked out, checking his pistol as

he did, trying to act natural.

"You never did answer my question." The voice said

"Jacket," it continued

"**Do you like hurting other people?"**

End
file.